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OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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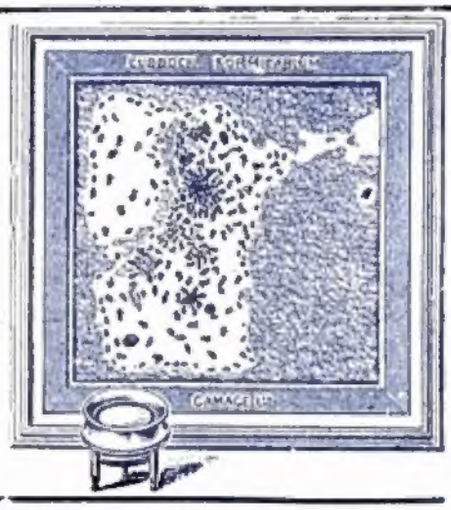

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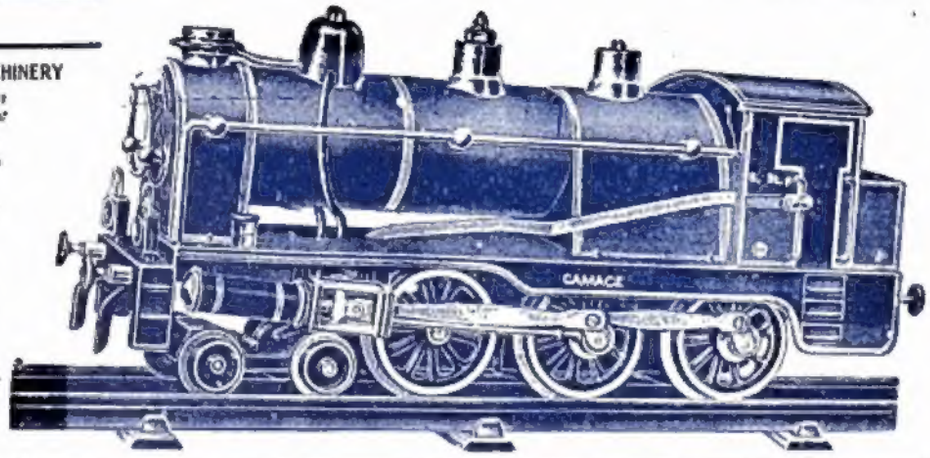

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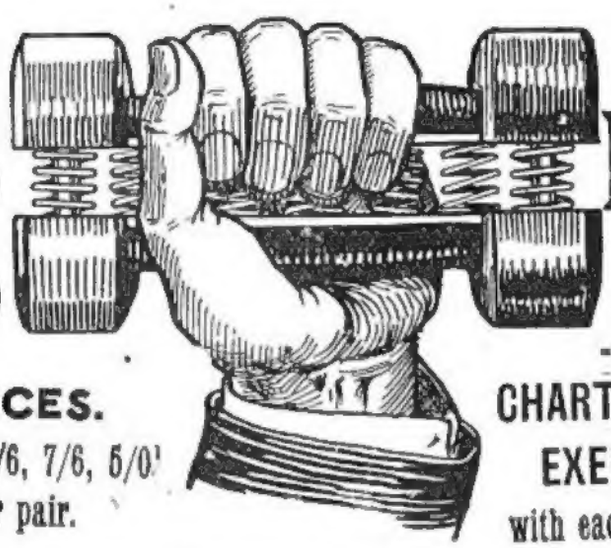

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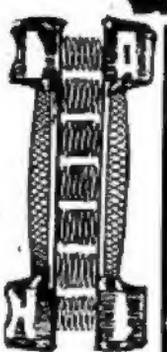

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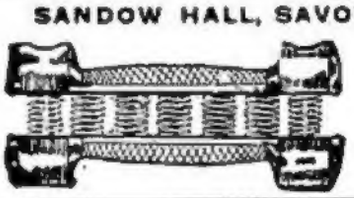

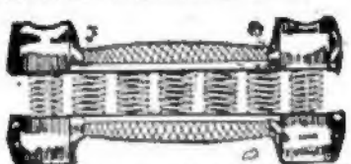

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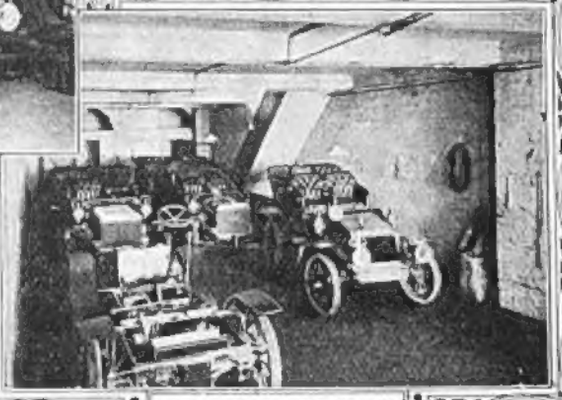
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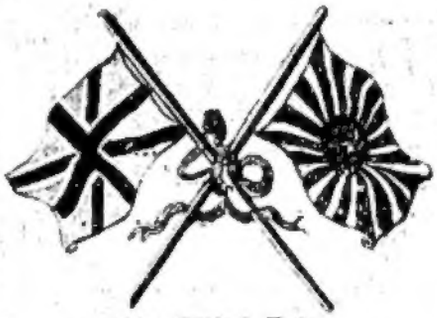

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI. No. 7. FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

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... OF ...

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Edited by EUGEN SANDOW.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has very likely occurred to most of you, after a perusal of the daily papers recently, that a new dictionary of diseases will shortly be needed, if queer nervous disorders are to go on increasing as they are apparently doing. What with claustrophobia (a horror of confinement), ergophobia (a horror of work—very prevalent), agraphobia (a horror of open spaces), "word blindness," and a whole army of "—itises," "—phobias," etc., the prospects for the rising generation are anything but agreeable.

o——o

If the manhood and womanhood of the future are to be saved from the deadly grip of all these new nervous disorders, the present awakening to the need of physical education in the school will have to be quickly followed up by energetic action. "We live in deeds, not years," and mere verbal castles in the air must be superseded by something more tangible.

o——o

In the meantime, however, I like to see influential people sowing the verbal seed that will ultimately ripen into a crop of splendid deeds. A number of well-known ladies are actively interesting themselves on behalf of the girl-workers in our large cities, and at a meeting of the "Girls' Guild," the other day, Mrs. George Cadbury eloquently advocated the physical education of those to whom the nation looks for its soldiers, business men, and statesmen of the future.

o——o

For it certainly looks as if the working classes are going to supply the legislators and statesmen of the future. Brawny labour is growing tired of being legislated for, and governed by, *dilettante* youth, and "the sons of their fathers," and the new Parliament, apart altogether from its politics, certainly bears the hall-mark of "strenuosity." Physical culture is well represented, and there are men possessing muscle as well as mentality in the new House.

o——o

By the way, I notice that among the social reforms suggested as one of the

planks in the Labour party's programme, is the abolition of the living-in system. I can hear thousands of the white slaves of the counter all over the Kingdom welcoming this prospect with as vigorous a cheer as their tired systems can raise. On the subject I have received a very interesting communication which I will publish in next week's issue of the Magazine. It is the true experience of a victim, and is altogether a sensational document.

o——o

The springtime is coming when the young man's fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love"—and spring medicines. Thousands of people believe that a physical spring-cleaning can only be accomplished by copious and violent doses of purging medicine. Take my advice, and keep off them. You can accomplish the work of clearing your body in a far better manner than this. Eat plenty of acid fruits, lemons, oranges, grapes, and take an occasional Turkish bath, or if you have a vapour or dry heat bath at home, that will answer much better than medicine. Figs, too, are a good laxative, and safer than all the liver pills ever invented.

o——o

Sir Thomas Pink has been telling the story of his life in *M.A.P.* One of his mottoes is: "If you are going to succeed by brain work, you must keep your body fit." So, as a young man, this is how he prepared himself for the strenuous business life. "I set to work," he says, "systematically to make myself strong with boxing, fencing, and physical exercises, with the result that by the time I was 21, though of slight build, I was as 'hard as nails,' as tough as hickory, and I could play with 56 lb. weights. The physical training also improved my naturally strong nerves to such an extent that I ceased to have any nerves at all, and to the possession of this quality I attribute in no small degree my success in business." Yet a few shallow critics still denounce athletics and physical culture as inimical to commercial success.

Eugen Sandow

Food for Thought.

To Doubt is to Think.

As long as you live, doubt. Question, deny, verify. Be able to say, "I think so, because I have thought about it."—*New York American.*

Monomania.

There are circumstances in which the possession of one idea only is worse than the possession of none. To be absolutely dominated by one idea is to give place to insanity in many cases.—*Week's Survey.*

Early Rising.

It suits some of us to begin early and leave off early. Others it suits to begin late and leave off late. Let everyone find what is best for him. All that matters is the amount of work turned out. If the work is good in quantity and quality, then the method is good.—CLAUDIUS CLEAR in *British Weekly.*

Concerning Opinions.

Be sure that they are your own opinions, and not an echo. It is better to work the sum out yourself and to get the wrong answer than to copy the right answer from some other boy's slate.—BARRY PAIN in *The Tribune.*

A Working Ideal.

The ideal of work is not money-grubbing; it is the satisfaction that arises from the profitable expenditure of that energy which is the hall-mark of health and strength, from the sense of overcoming that goes back to the days when man first started on his crusade to conquer animate and inanimate nature.—*The Academy.*

How to Resolve.

Nothing has a more shattering effect on one's self-confidence than the breakdown of some big and difficult resolution which one has formed. Do not, then, form resolutions of this kind at the beginning. The man who is starting physical culture does not begin with the heaviest dumb-bells. On the other hand, the accurate keeping of some quite minor and far easier resolution increases the self-confidence and the will-power. Nothing succeeds like success. Once the small seed has germinated, much may be grown from it, but the attempt to produce the mighty overshadowing oak in a fortnight is foredoomed to failure.—BARRY PAIN in *London Opinion and To-day.*

THE boil is a sign of hope, though an uncomfortable one. Yet we incline to hide this evidence of cleansing, perhaps because it is also evidence of a former lack of cleansing. Every boil, our fathers used to tell us, is worth $10 to its sorry possessor. The Burton boil, the Mitchell boil, the life-insurance boil, all have their value as signs of promise to the body social, but they also suggest former laxness and corruption that fairly subject us to deep humiliation while yet conveying the assurance of healthier future conditions.

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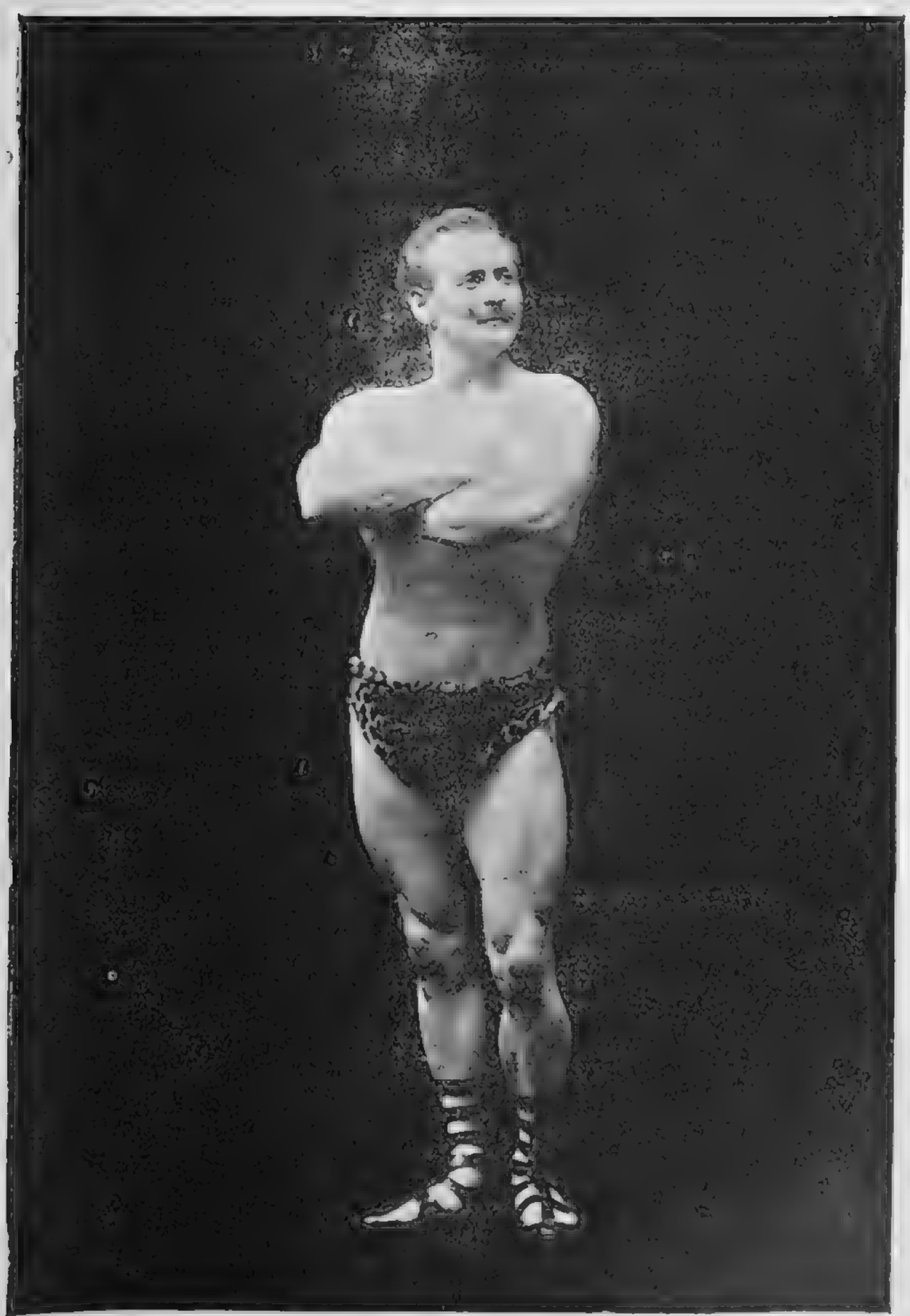
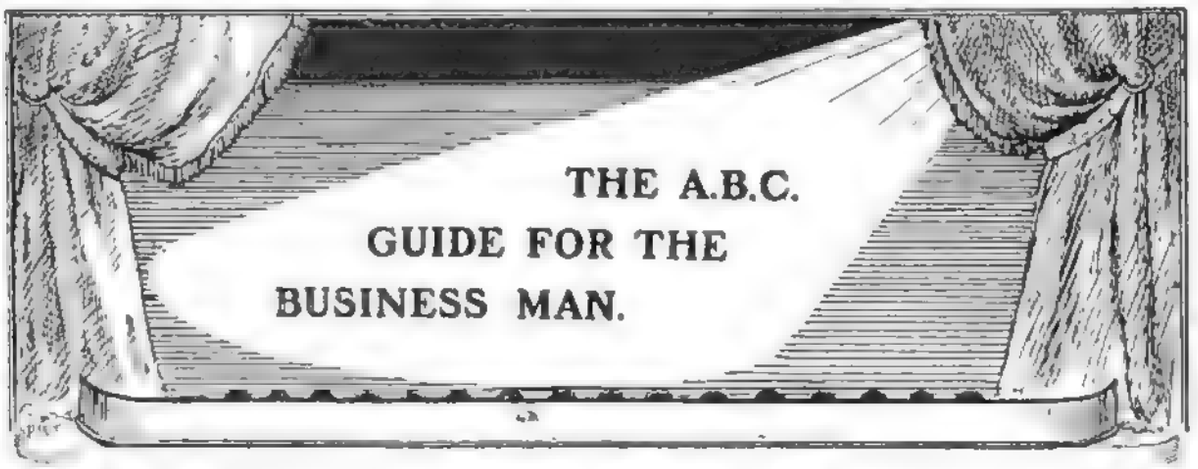


The Editor (EUGEN SANDOW), *in one of his poses plastique*



By JOHN WARD STEWART.

II.—AT OFFICE.

(No. 1, in preceding issue [3d., post free], dealt with "Concentration," its Powers and Possibilities.)

TO lift the curtain in a city office, and disclose a rational system of Physical Culture in all its glamour, would meet with exciting approval; but, alas! I fear at the expense of the speedy investigator. It would certainly find a humorous corner in the hearts of all witnesses, but that from the fact of its phenomenal absurdness.

No, the rulers of the City can ill afford the time to consider this era in their daily routine.

I remember, however, a friend of mine once endeavouring to cherish originality, and, in so doing, strove hard to contradict this. Theoretically, he was an ideal Physical Culturist, but, in his practical executions, he realised some difficulties; nevertheless, he was enthusiastic and energetic. He considered that, not only for his personal benefits, but also in respect to his employer's welfare, Physical Culture should be included in the daily manipulations. I certainly agreed with him upon this point, but pointed out to him that this was a case that no argument could improve. He, nevertheless, was sincere, so one day he ventured forth.

Hand-balancing was, indeed, a fine exercise he thought, and so, in the office, he tried to illustrate his abilities by raising a chair from the floor by grasping it by one leg. Well, he succeeded very well until he got it almost at arm's length, and then he lost the balance, and, in lunching forward to recover, he, unfortunately, knocked over a bottle of ink, which greatly endangered the appearance of the recently boarded floor. Of course, his fellow clerks greatly enjoyed the fun, but he has promised never to repeat the experiment.

Now, there was nothing very unnatural in this, but it tends to prove the peculiar dislike that exists within the hearts of the business rulers of the City against anything in this line.

Still, there are many exercises that can be enacted, despite this handicap, of which your employer will be totally ignorant. The sallow faces and narrow chests that typify the city are, indeed, deplorable, and, to many, present a problem insoluble. Many, from this sole cause, become disheartened, and once and for all lose all heart in this sphere.

Of course, as I have just illustrated, one cannot undergo a heavy course of gymnastics in an office, but he can indulge in a few exercises that at first appear insignificant, but which are the sole foundation of any system prevalent. To start with, the chief disaster witnessed i the city is the narrow chest.

This can greatly be rectified whils actually hard at work. I have noticed, and this is not an exception, that ninety-nine per cent. of clerks crouch over their desks. This is a very great fault, and causes most of the cases of consumption that dominate the civilised world to-day. Most cases of consumption appear

to have originated from a sedentary occupation; in fact, many medical authorities condemn the office for this sole cause.

They know quite well what has been the cause of this frightful disease, but fail to recommend a cure for fear of losing the patient, who they know would regard their genuine opinion as the mere essence of a rhapsody. Yet my similiarly affected readers need not despair.

What you must do is to practise deep breathing. I have realised the tendency for crouching, and know how hard it is to rid oneself of this defect, but, by constant practice, it becomes practically easy, and certainly more comfortable. Sit up straight and breathe deep, filling the chest to its utmost, and then slowly emit, endeavouring to retain the position of the chest. This will be found hard at first, but in an astonishingly short time it will become quite simple. And what benefits does this effect? Well, firstly, and most importantly, the heart has a larger freedom; secondly, the lungs are not depressed.

Then, as the weary hours slowly pass, and the clock striking twelve assures you that you have four or more hours to complete your daily toil, you feel a terrible sluggishness creeping over you. This is most undesirable. Many diseases are expressed by this terrifying symptom. Deep breathing greatly alleviates this trouble, whilst concentration of the muscles proves most refreshing. Many, however, are totally unable to practise this, but they need not despair, for it is an art that comes from practice only; but one that, although apparently insignificant, is most beneficial. What is more invigorating, especially when rising in the morning, than a thorough good stretch? And so in the office. What is generally spoken of as a "stretch" is nothing more nor less than the concentration of the system by which your entire energy is awakened and displayed.

These few points I have found most helpful whilst manipulating the pen from morn till night, and it is only with an assurance of the inestimable benefits obtainable therefrom that I impress it upon the like unfortunate clerk. At the best of times it is an occupation that entails an enormous amount of vital energy, and, therefore, one can hardly be too sensitive upon the substance of the constitution upon which it plays.

If deep breathing (*) and concentration be adhered to regularly, then, in a very short time, that drowsy feeling will be conquered, and the system cleared of the many germs that hover about in search of a weak point whereon to work their cruel havoc.

* There is a capital little book upon this subject, entitled "The Art of Breathing," price 1s. 2d. post free. Unfortunately, there are only a few copies left from an edition already exhausted at the printers' warehouse. Orders will be attended to by Our Readers' Library as long as its supply lasts—which can't be more than a few days.

Cigarette Habit Cured by Suggestion.

By a Doctor.

People who become victims of "habits" are, as a rule, highly suggestible. Firm and tactful treatment by curative suggestion, with proper hygienic regulation, will in every case give the conditions most favourable to recovery.

These cases are usually readily controlled by curative suggestion. I present one case. A.B., aged 19, suffered from the effects of excessive cigarette smoking. Patient smoked from forty to sixty cigarettes daily. He was sent to me on some other business, and while there told me something of his symptoms and habits. I looked at him fixedly and assured him that cigarettes were injuring him; that he would not want any more; that he would not be able to smoke another without being sick, etc. I saw nothing of him for several days, when he called and told me that he had had no particular desire to smoke, but that on one occasion he had accepted a cigarette from a friend. Before he had smoked a minute he was compelled to throw the cigarette away because of nausea. Now, after the lapse of a year, Mr. B. is thoroughly well. Even at present, however, he is unable to smoke a cigarette because of the nausea.

"LEARNING, in a broken body, is like a sword without a handle."—BEECHER.

"HEALTH is the vital principle of bliss, and exercise of health."—THOMSON.

Talents and their Development in Relation to Mental and Physical Perfection.

By H. E. BROWN.

IT is now quite commonplace to hear and talk of So-and-So having a talent for this, or a gift for that accomplishment, but I question whether many thinking people have troubled to study the subject deeply enough to arrive at a definite conclusion.

I take it for granted that most people have read Christ's discourse on the ten talents in the Bible. Yet, perhaps, it has never occurred to them that man, as made by God in His own image and likeness, already possesses ten natural gifts or talents. The greatest of all is life—the power to hear, speak, and see; to walk and use the arms; the sense of touch, taste, and smell; and the brain for power of intellect. By developing these he will become a specimen of mental and physical perfection; and, further, gain ten talents more.

Man, therefore, will need to exercise, both mentally and physically, regularly. Mentally, by a reasonable amount of thought and study on any agreeable and profitable subject—say, physical health culture, if not actually engaged in mental work; physically by any outdoor exercise, if possible in conjunction with the application of scientific Physical Culture.

Such occupations, whether hobbies, trades or professions, as coin, stamp, photo., picture, book, and general curio collecting; mechanical and model engineering, ironfounding, fretwork, carpentering, bookbinding, painting, music, drawing, writing, gardening, and live-stock keeping, etc., are, apart from affording mental and physical exercise, equally useful in developing the senses. Therefore, they are not to be despised, especially when scientific physical health culture is used in conjunction, though, unfortunately, the surroundings of many trades and professions are anything but healthy.

A sick man is a hindrance and a nuisance to real progress, whether it be national or local.

The adherent of the talent-developing principle acquires superb health, increased versatility of mind, greater muscular control and activity, and higher, nobler aspirations.

Many politicians, clergymen, commercial men, teachers, professors, and journalists have developed intellectual power at the expense of their physical powers, while many athletes have acquired brute strength at the expense of their intellectual powers. The extremes in either case are wrong.—*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Hitherto the possession of ten talents has only been dealt with, but, owing to the many divergencies from Nature's laws, the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children for innumerable generations, with the result that thousands, aye, millions, have one, two, three, four, and often five talents taken from them, which results in a very heavy handicap for the journey of life.

If a man is born blind, or deaf, or dumb, he cannot be expected to eclipse the man possessing ten talents, because he has only nine to gain by development. The same applies to each and every individual deficient in any number of talents.

It is here that my chief object asserts itself. If any reader is acquainted with or knows of any person deficient in any number of talents or natural gifts, make it your duty to induce the unfortunate person or persons to adopt the application of scientific physical health culture, for who knows what possibilities may attend its use by him or her, who, though they be imperfect themselves, are striving to produce in their offspring specimens of mental and physical perfection?

THE SAD DEATH OF KIERAN

(The Champion Swimmer).

A Memoir and a Remarkable Parallel.

By R. J. WITHERS (Our Australian Correspondent).

SYDNEY, *Dec. 26th*, 1905.

THE passing away of Australia's champion swimmer, B. B. Kieran, was inexpressibly sad, and cast a gloom over the sport-loving world at Christmas. Kieran, who had just arrived from England "with all his honours thick upon him," was welcomed as a hero by lovers of the sport, and although not properly recovered from his long trip, left almost immediately to race at the Brisbane Championship Carnival.

The last Photo taken of KIERAN.

The New South Wales authorities decided upon holding a test race to select two representatives to go to Brisbane, but Kieran, claiming that his record should have entitled him to be one of the representatives without a "test," refused to take part in the race. Two others were sent by the New South Wales Amateur Swimming Association, but the North Sydney Club, of which Kieran is a member, then decided to send Kieran to Brisbane, and did so. Despite an alleged want of condition, Kieran won the 440 yards' championship, was second in the diving championship, and won the 220 yards breast stroke championship, on December 2nd, and followed this up on the 6th with the 220 yards championship of Australia, and the 880 yards championship.

With the cheers of his admirers ringing in his ears, Kieran went back to his lodgings, and never left them. A few days later the public heard that he had undergone an operation for appendicitis, and then the wires each day reported him to be progressing satisfactorily, but at last they were less hopeful, and on the 23rd he passed away in the presence of his relatives and intimate friends—passed away in the height of his fame as a swimmer at the early age of 19 years.

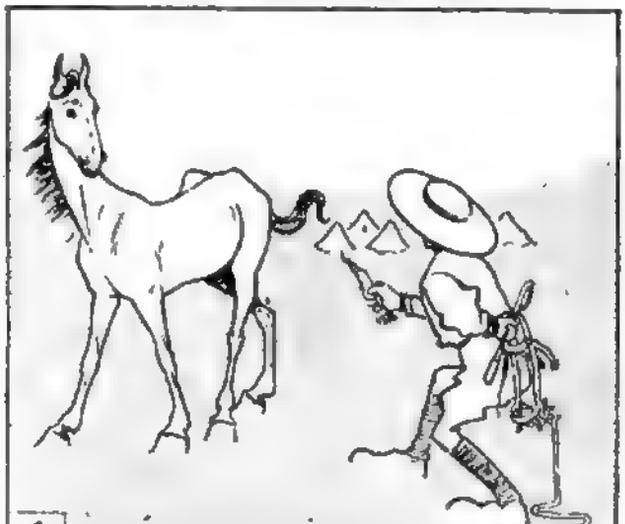
The boy's marvellous history is interesting. When very young his father died, and his mother was left alone to rear a large family. For the lad's sake, so that he should get a physical and mental training, otherwise impossible, he was placed on the training ship "Sobraon," in Sydney harbour, where he learned carpentry, and became a lover of aquatics. Those who have visited the "Sobraon," will admit that it was the physical culture adopted there that made a world's champion of Kieran. Besides working at his trade, Kieran had to undergo daily physical drill, with plenty of dumb-bell, bar, and club exercises, as well as rowing and swimming. There is

a sports ground in connection with the training ship, with large swimming baths attached, and the boys are taught to excel in all forms of manly sport. They do not all turn out champions, but they invariably turn out skilful tradesmen and honest citizens, and there is no more potent influence for good in Australia than this same training ship.

While on the vessel, Kieran began to show out prominently by his wonderful skill in the water. Soon he burst into the championship arena, and literally carried all before him, as the attached list of his performances will show. Then came his trip to England last year, where he carved a name for himself that will live for many a long day. He had practically reached the highest rung of the ladder of athletic glory at 19 years of age.

Undoubtedly, Kieran was the best swimmer Australia has produced, and it is a sad coincidence that he should pass away under precisely the same circumstances as the late Henry Searle, the world's champion sculler. Both sprang suddenly into prominence, became world-beaters in an incredibly short time, and both passed away suddenly at the height of their fame. Searle died on December 10th, 1899, in Melbourne, suddenly stricken down with typhoid on his way home from England, after having demonstrated his undoubted supremacy with the skulls.

Jones Joins the Yeomanry.



ANTICIPATION.—First catch your horse, then ride it—

Kieran reached home in apparent good health, but there is reason to believe that the genesis of his fatal illness was in England, where, on one occasion, his temperature was abnormally high a day or two before a big race, but his youth and condition enabled him to race on. Many hold the opinion that his death was due to suddenly rushing into fast work after his long voyage.

In the case of Searle, it is stated on good authority that on the night prior to his race with O'Connor, the Canadian, he was "dosed" by someone who had bet heavily on O'Connor, and no one except one possessed with bull-dog pertinacity, and "a skinful of grit," would have faced the start at all. Searle did, however; and, despite the fact that he was very ill, fought the contest out and won. Many believe that that experience was the initial cause of his death.

From every corner of Australasia, also from England, have come messages of condolence with Mrs. Kieran, the deceased champion's mother. His body was embalmed in Brisbane, and brought to Sydney, arriving here on Christmas Day. On Boxing Day he was laid to rest, and the large procession at the funeral proved how great is the Australian's love for a pure sport. "Barney" Kieran was that, and more—he was a champion in heart as in fame, and his memory will be kept green for many a long day in his native land.

OFFICIAL LIST OF B. B. KIERAN'S PERFORMANCES.

1904.

Jan. 23.—Balmain, 440yds Championship N.S.W., 2nd. Time, 5m 43s.
Jan. 30.—Goulburn, 220yds Championship N.S.W., 2nd.
March 12.—Rushcutter Bay, 880yds Championship Australasia, 1st. Time, 11m 29 4-5s.
March 14.—Newcastle, 220 yds Championship Australasia, 2nd. Time, 2m 31 1-5s.
March 16.—Coogee, 440yds Championship Australasia, 2nd. Time, 2m 26 1-5s.
March 19.—Bondi, 1 mile Championship Australasia, 1st. Time, 24m 36 1-5s.
Dec. 3.—Rochdale, 300yds Championship N.S.W., 1st. Time, 3m 5s 1-5s.
Dec. 18.—Rushcutter Bay, 880yds Championship N.S.W., 1st. Time, 11m 40s.

1905.

Jan. 18.—Drummoyne, 220yds Championship N.S.W., 1st. Time, 2m 33s.
Jan. 28.—St. Kilda, 880yds Championship Australasia, 1st. Time, 12m 14 3-5s.
Jan. 30.—Ballarat, 1 Mile Championship Australasia, 1st. Time 24m 42s.
Feb. 1.—Melbourne, 220yds Championship Australasia, 1st. Time, 2m 34 4-5s.

Feb. 4.—Brighton, 440yds Championship Australasia, 1st. Time, 6m 7 3-5s.
Feb. 11.—Rose Bay, 1,000yds Handicap, 2nd. Time, 12m 52 1-5s.
Feb. 18.—Bronte, 500yds Championship N.S.W., 1st. Time, 6m 10 3-5s.
Feb. 20.—Pyrmont, 440yds Championship N.S.W., 1st. Time, 5m 25 2-5s.
Feb. 21.—Coogee, 220yds Handicap, 1st. Time, 2m 13 3-5s.*
Feb. 25.—Domain, 300yds Handicap, 1st. Time, 3m 31 4-5s.*
March 4.—Drummoyne, 1 mile Championship of N.S.W., 1st. Time, 23m 16 4-5s*
March 11.—Rushcutter Bay, 220yds Handicap, 1st. Time, 2m 28 3-5s*.
Equals F. C. V. Lane's world's record.
March 18.—Rushcutter Bay, 880yds Handicap, 2nd. Time, 11m 31 3-5s.
April 1.—Lavender Bay, 440yds Handicap, 1st. Time, 5m 19s.
April 19.—Pyrmont, 220yds Handicap, 1st. Time, 2m 29s.
June 26.—Bath Club, London, 600yds Exhibition Swim. Time, 7m 41 1-5s.
July 1.—Highgate, 1 mile Championship of England, 2nd. Time, 25m 23 1-5s.
July 15.—Long-distance Championship of England, Kew to Putney, 5 miles 60 yds., 2nd. Time, 69m 2s.
July 10.—Highgate Ponds, 600 yds International Race, 1st. Time 9m 19s.
July 6.—Crosby Channel, 1 mile Championship of the Mersey, 1st. Time, 30m 35s.
July 8.—London, King's Cup, first race 440yds, 2nd. Won by D. Billington.
July 27.—Kentish Town Baths, 220yds, Exhibition Swim, 1st. Time, 2m 16s.
Aug. 5.—Southport, 440yds Championship of England, 1st. Time, 5m 22 2-5s.
Aug. 8.—Leicester, 880yds Championship of England, 1st. Time, 11m 28s.
Aug. 14.—Sweden, 500 metres Race, 1st. Time, 7m 28 2-5s.*
Aug. 14.—Sweden, 100 metres Race, 1st. Time, 1m 10 2-5s.
Aug. —Sweden (Stockholm), 1 mile Race, 1st. Time, 28m 2 3-5s.
Aug. 28.—Leeds, 500yds Championship of England, 1st. Time, 6m 7s.
Sep. 5.—Southport, 500yds Race, 1st. Time, 6m*.
Sep. 13.—Belfast (Ireland), 880yds Race, 1st. Time, 11m 2 1-5s*.
Sep. 16.—Redcliffe (Ireland), 330yds Race, 1st. Time, 3m 32s.
Sep. 27.—London, 220yds Championship of England, 1st. Time, 2m 27s.
Dec. 2.—Brisbane, 440yds Championship of Australasia, 1st. Time, 5m 37s.
Dec. 2.—Brisbane, Diving Championship of Australasia, 2nd. 23yds.
Dec. 2.—Brisbane, 220yds Breast Stroke, Championship of Australasia, 1st. Time, 3m 32 3-5s.
Dec. 6.—Brisbane, 220yds Championship of Australasia, 1st. Time, 2m 28 2-5s.
Dec. 6.—Brisbane, 880yds Championship of Australasia, 1st. Time, 11m 39s.
*World's record.

B. B. Kieran holds the world's record for all distances from 200yds to a mile.

Hardy Sealers.

WHEN besieged by storms, belated by fogs, or benumbed by frosts, the splendid physique of the Labrador sealers stands them in good stead, for they can endure hardships under which almost any other men would succumb, but they must labour without ceasing, or become chilled and helpless, as they have to go lightly clad, so that they may not be encumbered in their progress over the floes.

When they fall through the ice and are immersed, they strip naked on the ice and wring the water from their dripping garments, donning these again then and trusting to the natural heat of the body to complete the process. When a blizzard besets them they contrive shelters of blocks of ice where possible, or cover themselves, if they can, with freshly killed seals, the inherent warmth of which helps to preserve their extremities against the deadly frostbite. If neither expedient is available they simply face the ordeal as best they can, exercising themselves constantly to keep themselves in a glow, for with rest or exhaustion comes the deadly stupor that is the special dread of all Arctic travellers—the sleep from which they never wake.—*Technical World Magazine.*

TYPEWRITING RECORD.—All previous typewriting records have been beaten by Mr. R. Vanettisch, one of the editors of *The Pueblo Chieftain*, in Colorado, who in half an hour took down 2,600 words dictated from Denver, 120 miles away, and in the hour completed 4,917 words. "*T.A.T.*" (weekly) is promoting a British Typists' Competition.

MURRAY (Winner of the Sandow Gold Statuette at the memorable Albert Hall Competition).

METHODS OF HEALING.

"He is the best physician who is the best teacher of gymnastics."—GALEN.

THE history of medicine is the history of human progress—a history of knowledge gradually evolved out of error—a history of the survival of the fittest applied to ideas. Superstition has been rampant throughout. Medical fetiches — blindly worshipped ideas—the application of which has resulted in the loss of thousands and thousands of lives—have been common in the medical practice of all the ages. The History of Medical Superstition—what a book might be written under that title! What a record of energy misapplied, of error enthroned as truth, of death masquerading in the garb of life.

Ranging back over the long list of immortals who have sought to convert physiological chaos into harmony, disease into health, we see in the light of to-day how little of truth and how much of error each has contributed to the general fund of human knowledge. Fantastic theories from Aristotle to Schenck, baseless dreams from Hippocrates to Brown-Sequard. From Hoamti, five thousand years ago, with his moxa, or tiny red-hot button, down to Koch, with his deadly syringe, the history of medicine is the history of superstitions. And to-day—

To-day there are still fantastic theories and baseless dreams; there are still fallacies and fetiches. Through many failures we have learned that there are some things that we cannot do—some things we must not do. We have learned—

What have we learned? We have learned that disease is not a demon, not an entity—a thing to be fought by drastic doses, torture, and incantations. We have learned that disease is a beneficent process, a process of purification by which the organism seeks to free itself from the results of its own transgressions against the laws by which it operates. We have learned that the human body is a machine—an infinitely complex, exquisitely delicate piece of mechanism. We know that the orderly working of that machine is health, its derangement disease, its stoppage death. We know that health is not an accident, but a resultant—not a gift, but an achievement; that disease is the logical and inevitable result of natural process; that, in one sense, disease is as natural as health; that disease is not a demon to be exorcised, but a purifying process to be assisted. And in all those centuries of study and experiment, what have we learned concerning disease—this beneficent purifying process? What have we learned of the methods by which the human machine may be assisted in its task of self-cleansing? The question is of prime importance. The answer is long. Such answer cannot be fully given here. However, the process called disease may be accounted for as follows:—

Of the matter taken into the body as food a certain portion is converted, by the body, into tissue. The remainder is waste matter. This waste, in addition to the waste matter formed by the body itself, is to be excreted. For this excretion there are four avenues—the skin, the lungs, the bowels, and the kidneys.

Now, if the food taken were of pure quality, and not excessive in amount, if the digestive organs always did their work perfectly, and if, at the same time, the excreting functions were fully active, under such conditions the waste matter resulting from the food and from broken-down tissue would be entirely removed. None of the undigested, innutritious matters of the food or the waste of the body would be retained.

Generally, however, the food taken is excessive in quantity and defective in quality. Generally, also, the excretory organs are more or less inactive. If food

be taken in excess of the body's needs the digestive juices are able to convert only a portion of it into tissue-building material. The residue forms waste. Often the matter supposed to be food consists mainly or wholly of elements which cannot be digested, which contain no real food, and which merely add to the load of waste matter to be excreted. Moreover, the depurating organs are seldom or never as active as they should be. Under these conditions, there is too much waste formed, and too little excreted. The result is an accumulation of waste matter within the body. This retained waste is the cause of all disease.

Disease is a unit. In reality, although there are a million symptoms, there is but one disease. What we commonly call "diseases" are merely the various sets of symptoms presented. What determines the particular set of symptoms exhibited—the "disease" diagnosed? The specific disease depends upon the nature of the waste matter deposited, upon its location, and upon the manner in which the organism tries to get rid of it. A spasmodic effort to get rid of the retained waste matter is called "acute" disease. The pain or discomfort resulting from the presence of a deposit of waste matter in the body is designated "chronic" disease. The accumulation of the unexcreted innutritious matter is always gradual. If the organism is strong and active the final result is the sudden effort at expulsion called "acute." If the system is weak and not capable of such an effort the deposit continues until there is some organic degeneration, or until the pain and discomfort evidence a "chronic" condition. Sub-acute disease is the result of a fluctuation of the vital forces. When the vitality is highest the "attack" is acute, but when the forces are less active it is chronic. Such, shorn of its technicalities, is the answer that modern science makes to the question—What is disease? The answer is far too simple to suit most people. They don't know that, although the operations of Nature are infinitely complex, the principles governing those operations are infinitely simple. The details of pathology no man knows. The principles of pathology may be understood by a child.

Such, then, is disease, an effort of this wonderful mechanism called the body to cast out an accumulation of foreign and inimical matter.

It would be interesting and instructive to review what has been done to "cure" disease, but even the briefest recapitulation would be here impossible. Nor is it necessary. Let us, rather, make a brief statement of the leading principles of healing as practised by the most advanced practitioners of the day. Regarding the drugging system, now fast passing into disuse, but little need be said. A drug is a foreign substance in the body. It acts on the principle of a spur applied to a horse. At the present time drugs are used by the medical profession mainly for the purpose of allaying pain (these drugs are called analgesics) or, in order to make the patient feel better. (The patient does not realise that to feel better is not necessarily to be better.) Physicians are, as a rule, agreed that a drug is a bad thing. Many feel, however, that there are some instances in which drugs are of use. Many others use drugs merely to satisfy the prejudices of the patient, who feels that he ought to "take something." Some of the leading men in medicine, both in this country and abroad, feel that drugs are never necessary under any conditions, and practise accordingly what has come to be known as the Rational System.

If, as explained above, all disease is the result of the retention in the body of matter which should have been excreted, it follows that the treatment should consist of measures adapted to (*a*) prevention of further accumulations of waste matter, (*b*) the removal of the deposits already present, and (*c*) the relief of immediate symptoms, such as pain, insomnia, nervous excitement, etc., etc. Leaving the last-named for later consideration, let us take up briefly the methods by which, through the so-called rational system of treatment, the accumulated waste may be removed and further accumulation prevented.

Of the rational measures, one of the most important is diet. Reverting to the

cause of disease, as explained above, it will be at once understood that the quality, quantity, and combination of the matter taken as food, and the frequency of the meals, must be of the greatest importance in the prevention and treatment of disease. The principles of diet are very few and simple, and can easily be stated. The application, however, of those principles in the formation of rules for the conduct of any particular individual is often a matter of peculiar difficulty. If all men and women were normal the same diet would do for each. But, in adjusting the diet to the individual there are many matters to be considered. The hours at which the patient is at liberty to take his meals, the nature of his malady, the foods which the season or the country provide, his personal preferences and prejudices—all these are to be considered in order to the prescription of a dietary which shall be convenient, palatable, easily procurable, one which the patient shall follow with confidence and relief. A proper dietary will provide food that is both palatable and nutritious—food that is acceptable to the patient and that will make the least possible amount of waste.

After ensuring a reduction in the amount of waste matter produced, the next step in the hygienic treatment is to so stimulate the excretory functions of the skin, lungs, bowels, and kidneys as to cause the removal, not only of the waste matter daily introduced and made by the body, but of the accumulations already deposited.

The function of the skin is to excrete through its seven million vomiting mouths the perspiration, which, like the excretion of the kidneys, the urine, is heavily laden with the body poisons. Few people realise the importance of the skin as a respiratory and eliminating organ. Few people realise that in health they breathe in through the skin one-sixth as much air as they do through the lungs—that they excrete through a healthy skin every day more than a quart of water laden with poisonous waste matter.

The various functions of the skin are promoted by sweat baths, such as the Turkish bath, which is one of the most important prescriptions of the hygienic physicians, the ordinary warm or tepid bath, by friction with hand or towel, by occasional exposure to the air ("air baths") or sun ("sun baths") and by being subjected to frequent and sudden changes of temperature. The habit of over-dressing the skin, of protecting it from every blast of cold through the use of heavy clothing and coddling is most pernicious. The skin, weakened and made inactive by such treatment, cannot do its work of excretion. The poisonous matter which it should excrete must, therefore, either be carried off by other depurating organs or be retained, becoming a cause of disease.

The function of the lungs is dual, first to supply the blood, and, through the blood, the tissues, with oxygen, for their maintenance. This oxygen combines with the nutrient matter to make tissue. Other things being equal, the more oxygen inhaled the less will be the amount of waste resulting from unassimilated food. The second function of the lungs is to excrete carbon dioxide and other gaseous poisonous matters, which the blood, after collecting in its circuit through the tissues, brings to the lungs. When it is understood that the healthy body in one day absorbs from fifteen to eighteen feet of oxygen, and exhales about fifteen cubic feet of carbon dioxide, containing from seven to nine ounces of pure carbon, some idea may be gained of the importance of the lungs as an alimentative and depurating organ.

The hygienic physician naturally lays great stress upon the full action of the lungs, and his prescription to each patient embraces directions as to breathing, breathing exercises and lung gymnastics, in order to increase the power and activity of this function.

The function of the bowels is of the greatest importance. Retention of fecal matter at the lower end of the alimentary tube means a reabsorption of matter already rejected by the alimentary organs. Many of the most serious and painful disorders are occasioned by auto-intoxication (self-poisoning) from the reabsorption of the contents of the large intestine. Unfortunately, the methods most frequently used (habitual enemata and

cathartic drugs) for the relief of fecal retention are both open to grave objection. The rational system of treatment provides methods by which this constipation of the lower bowel is readily relieved. The rational system also includes methods by which the other organs of depuration are enabled to do their full duty in removing the accumulated and current waste, and at once relieve kidney trouble whenever present.

In a word, then, the rational treatment consists of measures tending to re-establish a balance between the waste resulting from the food and from broken-down tissue and the waste carried off by the depurating organs. This balance once acquired and maintained, health and longevity are natural results.

This equilibrium of the functions cannot be attained through drug medication. The effect of a drug is to relieve pain, paralysing for the time the sensitiveness of the nerves, or by coercing the organism into greater activity through irritation. For instance, the severe headache which is frequently the result of fermentation in the alimentary tract may be at once "cured" by ten grains of some coal tar abomination. The headache is "cured," sure enough, but how about the rotting, acrid, filthy mass in the stomach or intestine which caused such a nervous "storm" that the vessels of the head relaxed, became turgid with blood, and gave warning that something was wrong?

Is it not wiser to remove from the stomach or intestines the offending material and thereby allow the system to regain its equilibrium, perhaps at the same time drawing the blood from the head by a hot foot bath and a cold compress on the head? Such would be the rational method of treating this condition.

Every disease consists of two elements. There is, first of all, the physical derangement. This can be treated by the measure mentioned above. But beyond this, often more important, growing more and more important as the race progresses, is the mental attitude of the patient—his conception of his own powers, of the skill, sympathy, and good will of his doctor, and of the nature of his case. He who realises that this mental attitude is in reality the determining factor in health and disease is already far on the road leading to health, happiness, and power. The best conditions for recovery from any departure from health will be attained by combining the methods of hygiene with the proper mental attitude.

THE EDITOR INSTRUCTING AUSTRALIAN POLICE.

THE GAME OF FIVES.

OF the various winter pastimes worthy of consideration, perhaps no more striking example of neglect can be pointed to than that meted out to the game of fives. Fives, or handball in some form or other, is of extreme antiquity, but very little is really known of its history.

The game, as understood at our public schools and universities, may be said to be divided into the Eton game, with its obstacles known as the "pepper-box," the step, and the hole, and the Rugby game, which is generally a plain court with a front wall, two side walls at right angles to the front wall, and a back wall, the latter varying in height. Without discussing the merits of the two styles, it may be pointed out that the object of the players in both games is to hit the ball with the hand above a line on the first wall in such a way as to prevent their opponents returning it. The ball must be returned before it has bounced a second time on the floor of the court. Volleying is allowed, except for the service.

A HEALTHY RECREATION.

It is a thousand pities that no attempt has been made to popularise this game in our great cities. Outside the public schools and 'varsities, fives is practically unknown. And yet to this fascinating game the palm should probably be given for producing more healthy exercise within an hour than any other form of winter recreation. Every muscle in the body is brought into play; quickness to the feet, keenness of the eye, and what may be termed the unison of the eye and hand working together, are necessary. For keeping one fit, hardening the muscles, and at the same time bringing into play all the graceful suppleness of the body, nothing but its sister game of rackets can be compared to it. It may also be noted that to excel at fives it is necessary to be equally good with the left hand as with the right, and that when once a man has learnt to follow and judge the flight of a fives ball in play he may be said to have cultivated an eye for all games and where quickness counts.

Fives may be considered both an outdoor and indoor game, according to whether the court is covered or not. A covered court has the advantage in one respect that it is always possible to play, no matter whether the weather is wet or not, but it may be generally accepted that the light is not as a rule as good as in an uncovered court.

NOT EXPENSIVE FOR THE PLAYER.

Considering the large number of old public school boys and 'Varsity men resident in London, it seems something more than passing strange that no public fives courts have been constructed in or near the metropolis. It is a game that can be played for years after the stress of football has been found too severe with increasing age. Except for the initial expense of building the court, the game costs very little in either time or money. The only expenses for the player are the balls and a pair of fives gloves for those who wear them, unless he was playing in a public court, and such a boon at present does not exist.

In our big towns, wherever a gymnasium is found, two or three fives courts should certainly be built. The outside wall of the gymnasium is already there to form the front walls of the courts. Clubs and institutions devoted to English pastimes would certainly do well to give serious consideration to this fascinating and healthy exercise, and endeavour to make it possible for the public to continue to play the game after they have left their various centres of learning. That fives would have a very strong following if only someone would build a few public courts is quite certain.

It is surprising that no speculator has as yet turned his attention to this form of amusement. Is it too much to hope

that, within reasonable time, some enterprising firm will be found to run a fives club, with galleries and seats for spectators to witness an amateur championship? It is essentially an amateur game, and far too good a game to be relegated only to schools and colleges.

As to which is the best game of the two, the Rugby or the Eton, must ever remain a debatable subject. Opinions vary as a rule in accordance with which game one was brought up to. How divided opinion is on this head is, perhaps, best exemplified by the following list.

The Eton style and code of rules governs the play at Harrow, Wellington, Charterhouse, and Westminster, whilst amongst those who follow Rugby's lead are Marlborough, Winchester, Repton, Clifton, and Bedford.

THE PITMEN'S GAME.

Handball, in the North of England, especially in the county of Durham, amongst the miners, has attained widespread popularity. This is not fives, though sometimes so called, but purely handball. It is played with a soft ball against a front wall, which is at least twice the height of an ordinary fives court wall and much wider. There are no side walls. This may sound rather tame to the ordinary fives player; but in the North of England great enthusiasm is manifested over the game, and it has a strong following.

It is no uncommon sight to see a very large ring of spectators round the court when matches are played by rival teams which generally represent the selected players from different pits. Of course, the pitman's game does not require the skill or science necessary for the proper game of fives, but it is a good game, and replete with healthy exercise, which, after all, counts for so much.

THE DIFFERENT STYLES.

Of the two different kinds of courts, the Rugby game may be described as the most straightforward. It is certainly the easiest to learn, and is probably productive of more hard exercise than the Eton style. Having no obstacles in the court, the game, especially in a single with two evenly-matched players, reverts itself for the most part into a contest of endurance. There are few more punishing games than a really hard set of singles between two players of equal calibre. It is often a ding-dong fight, and the laurels generally go to the fittest. The intricacies of the Eton game in such a set-to are at a discount. For a matter of fact a single in an Eton court is seldom seen, four-handed contests being the rule.

It is interesting to note the origin of the Eton formation. The pepper-box, steps, and ledges were introduced into their court because in the first instance the game was played against one of the six walls of the Eton Chapel, where these peculiarities in the shape of the buttress and ledges can still be seen. The game becoming so popular, these distinguishing features were introduced when a proper fives court was first built at Eton, and have been retained ever since. There is, of course, a greater variety about this game, and a good deal of *finesse* and judgment in placing the ball is necessary. It is a game that calls forth a good display of diplomacy, says *The Tribune*.

Both styles of courts, however, make a good game. It is well-nigh impossible to sit in judgment over the two codes. If an endeavour is to be made to popularise the game and public courts are to become a feature of our institutions, perhaps the simpler and more straightforward Rugby court is, in the first instance, most worthy of consideration.

Jones Joins the Yeomanry.

REALISATION—But Jones and his mount do not agree upon the "order of going"—

The bully (stomach throw).

An Interview with Professor W. H. Garrud.

(Expert on Antagonistics).

By

J. St. A. JEWELL.

Unexpected resentment (stomach throw).

Real Self-Defence and Attack.

I HAVE made it my business for many years past to investigate, in the fullest possible manner, every new "system" that comes to light for "Attack or Defence." When I say, "in the fullest possible manner," I mean that not only do I study the system, but I try to probe to the very roots of its merits by putting it to actual tests, with myself as one of the chief actors in the play. Thus, when So-and-So brings out a new system, in which, say, a brick-bat is used for a weapon, I also get *my* brick-bat, and, in sporting parlance, "have a cut at him." In nearly every case I pay dearly for my curiosity, but, on the other hand, I learn a lot that is useful. Some day, when the interest on my investments in Consols and other gilt-edged securities falls to a low figure, and I begin to feel the pinch of poverty, I shall write a book on my experiences as a tester of new systems, illustrated with photographs of my breakages and scars, and thereupon open a new banking account, and smoke a really good cigar.

Whole-hearted attack (stomach throw).

My latest exploit in the testing line centres round the person of Professor Garrud, who has taken everything that is good from ju-jutsu, boxing, wrestling, and various other arts, mixed them, kneaded them thoroughly, baked them, and brought them to a concrete whole which is the essence of efficiency, and yet, withal, simple.

He calls it "Real Self-defence and Attack"—a title happily chosen, and exceptionally appropriate. It was for the purpose of delving into the mysteries of it that I presented myself at his school at 7, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C., one recent afternoon. At that particular moment Professor Garrud was busily engaged in teaching an inoffensive young gentleman how to "argue effectively" with a hooligan. There was little said, and, apparently, not much done—just a slight turn of the wrist, and a man was *hors de combat*.

Presenting my credentials, I was invited into the office.

"On what do you wish me to talk?" I was asked.

Victory (stomach throw).

I was taking a mental photograph of him as he spoke, and, lest you have never seen him, I give it for what it is worth.

A man of about 30 years of age, upright, finely proportioned, bearing every evidence of training, with a clean-shaven face and a brisk way of speaking. My first impression was that he was a particularly earnest man, delightfully frank and open, and possessing resolution to a marked degree.

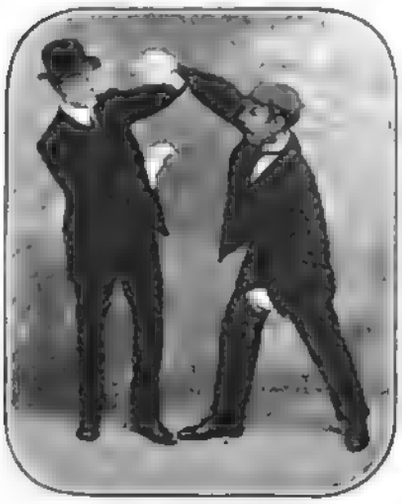
"Now, what do you wish me to talk about?" he asked again.

"I've come to interview you about your Self-Defence System," I said. "I want you to tell me all about it, about your work, and anything else that might prove of interest to our readers. Firstly, this—"Do you provide for nearly every known method of attack?"

"Yes," he said, decisively; "there is only one weapon used in personal encounter that my system won't meet, and that is a revolver. One can't argue with a bullet, you know." It travels too fast. With that exception, my System provides for everything."

"And can it be used under all circumstances?"

"Certainly," he said. "It is designed for all-round use. It anticipates every known method of attack, bare-handed or with weapons. Briefly, it may be called a composition of the best of boxing, wrestling, fencing, single-stick, and ju-jutsu, but mostly the last."



Guarding the blow (arm lock).

"It would appear, then," I said, "that you put great value upon ju-jutsu."

MR. K. KOBAYASHI.

"I do," he said, "and I may as well tell you why. It provides so many ways of overcoming an antagonist—ways which can be applied by almost anyone, strong or weak. The system was designed primarily for self-defence. It is a kind of wrestling in which dexterity or trick plays a more important part than physical strength. It is synonymous with the word 'Yawaratori,' which means 'the art of throwing others by sleight of hand tricks,' said to have been introduced by a naturalised Chinese, and improved by some Japanese in the Kiean era. Now, one does not get attacked in the ordinary way, unless it is by an evilly-disposed person, and, in nine cases out of ten, for robbery. Admitting this, what is the use of treating such antagonists in anything but a drastic manner? If you can box (and very few can), it does not follow that you can fight—take punishment—but even if you can do this there is neither honour nor credit in standing up and exchanging blows with a hooligan. Far better tie him up and cause him great physical pain. Pain is the one thing that the hooligan dreads, and by using my System, a child of ten could cause enough pain in five seconds to last any ordinary hooligan a lifetime."

An arm lock.

"Show me one of your moves as a sample," I said.

"Got him" (arm lock).

"All right," he answered; "grip me by the throat and try to squeeze the life out of me."

I gripped him as directed, and put on all my strength, which is the result of practically 16 years' training. Then I nodded to let him know I was ready. Instantly his left forearm was above my wrist, downward pressure was applied, and in a tenth of the time I take to write it, I was on my knees.

"That," said the Professor, is but one move out of twenty for precisely the same attack."

"Show me some more," said I.

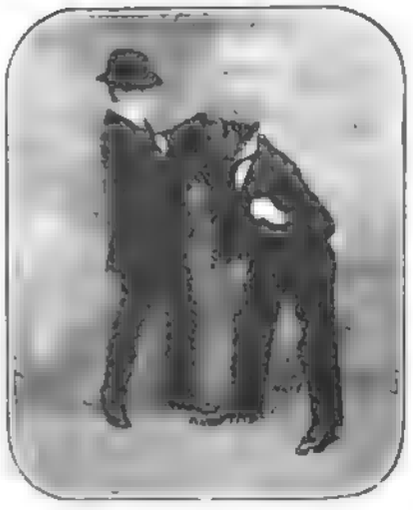
"All right," he answered; "give me your hand."

Then and there he showed me twenty-two different attacks on the hand (nine of which were directed against the thumb alone), each and every one of them capable of causing such pain as was impossible to stand.

"Those are a few hand attacks," he said quietly, "and there are as many more for almost every joint, muscle and bone in the body. Come into the practice room, and I'll demonstrate a few locks for you."

The attack (wrist lock).

Out to the finely matted practice room we went, where one of Prof. Garrud's pupils offered his services for the purpose of demonstration. The pupil, a fine upstanding young fellow, about 25 years of age, took the part of the aggressor throughout, using fists, walking stick and bludgeon in turn.



Retaliation (wrist lock.)

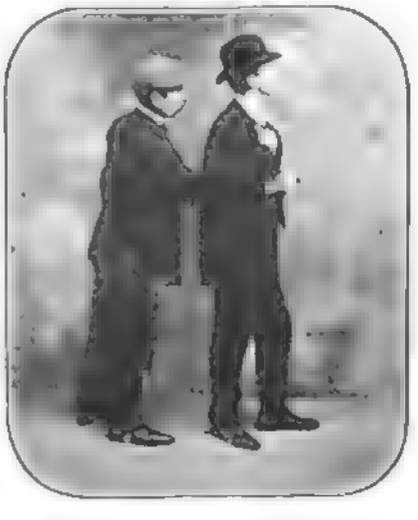
Metaphorically speaking, the Professor had him under his thumb all the time. Time after time he "tied him up" after dexterously disarming him, and never once did the pupil get in a blow worth the name. It was a beautiful illustration of up-to-date methods riding rough-shod over obsolete ones—the triumph of progressive ideas over those of our forebears.

It does not lend itself to description—it must be seen.

"And that is what I teach all day," said the Professor, laughing. "What you have seen me do to my pupil, he could do to you. Moreover, I have hundreds of pupils in all parts of the world who can do the same, the majority of whom I have never seen."

"How do you teach them, then?" I asked, "by postal instruction?"

"Yes," he said, "and that is a branch of my business which is growing rapidly every day. Come into the office again and I'll show you some appreciative letters."



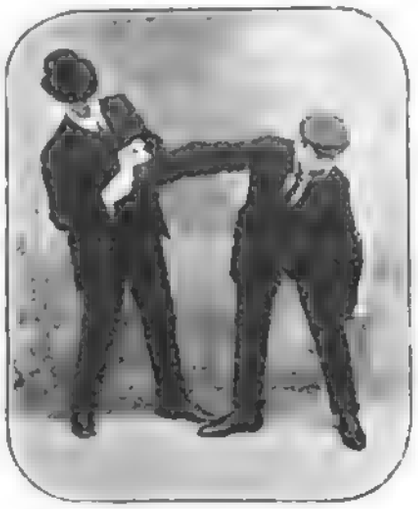
The grab (the pickpocket)

I was shown those

letters in due course. They were such as would be prized by any instructor—letters of appreciation and thanks for knowledge imparted and duly acquired. One, a letter from a boy at a well-known public school, told a tale in every line. Part of it ran—" . . . and the next time he licked me. I stood it as long as I could, but just as I was beginning to cry I arm-locked him and made him cry instead." Later on, the same letter says—" . . and now the beast won't look at me or come near me, so I have all my spare time to myself. You don't know how grateful I am to you."

Do you understand it—grasp it? Can't you see how that poor little fag, after suffering every indignity that a boy can suffer, turned at last on his bully and served out punishment to the full measure?

"That boy," said the Professor, "was sent to me by his father. He was not over-strong, but he knew enough when he left me to take care of himself. I don't think he'll 'fag' any more for anyone."



Retribution (the pickpocket).

A little later I had the opportunity of seeing Professor Garrud instruct personally. He handled his pupil as gently as a mother handles her first baby: patiently, coaxingly, almost tenderly. Every fall, every lock, every chip and blow was shown in a way that would be appreciated by the most timid, ladies included.

"You handle 'em carefully," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "I don't believe in handling even the most robust roughly. They must be coaxed. During all the years I have instructed, I have never, even inadvertently, caused a hurt, and I'm rather proud of it."

Very few men, with fifteen years' experience of instructing, can make that statement, by the bye. If they can do so truthfully, it is a legitimate boast.

"Have you any lady pupils, Professor?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "My wife and I instruct them—my wife mostly, as my time is devoted principally to the men, and to my postal correspondence pupils. Some of our lady pupils have made truly remarkable progress, two of them being now so expert that either would prove a handful for my best male pupil."

"And now before I go," I said, "show me all you have to show."

"Come on, then—let me show you my sports library," he said.

There were books on every known sport, books on every pastime imaginable—all for the use of pupils. Indeed, pupils' comforts were well catered for. The baths, filled with hot and cold water, were all that baths should be, and the locker accommodation for pupils' clothes was admirable.

"Some day, and not a distant one, I hope," remarked the Professor, "I am going to open schools all over London, and in the chief provincial towns. My plans in this respect are well forward."

"Do you ever get in personal touch with your correspondence pupils, Professor?"

"Oh, yes." He said, "When I have instructed anyone by post for a time I like to see what progress has been made. Now, last summer I went on a motor tour of tuition on purpose to visit my postal pupils, and to see for myself what progress they had made. I visited the South Coast on my first journey, and the West Coast on the second. I found (much to my satisfaction, you may be sure) that every pupil, without exception, got on marvellously, and, incidentally, they were very pleased to see me. I had a most delightful time, and I intend making another tuition tour this summer on my motor. Besides visiting my pupils and giving personal instruction, I shall be open to engagements for demonstrations and lectures on ju-jutsu, and shall be glad to send particulars to any

of your readers who feel interested in this coming tour."

En passant, I may remark that Professor Garrud does not work single-handed. He has an English instructor who is thoroughly efficient in the art of ju-jutsu, and also a Japanese instructor to assist him in ju-jutsu and kenjutsu—the art of the sword. This latter art goes well with ju-jutsu, and a man with a knowledge of kenjutsu would give a good account of himself with an ordinary walking stick. Mr. K. Kobayashi, the Japanese teacher, is a little man, but what he lacks in stature he makes up for in speed, for he is as quick as lightning, and to see him wrestling is a lesson in agility. He is a native of Tokio, and has been under many great Japanese masters, including the famous Yamada.

In the office, once more, he showed me his collection of photos., some of which accompany this article. Follow them carefully, and you will have your first lesson in Professor Garrud's "Self-Defence." They need no explanation from me, in that they "talk."

Before me as I write, I have his postal instruction course, in which every one of his moves is described in simple, straightforward language that makes each action as clear as daylight. To all those who cannot get into personal touch, this postal course should prove a blessing.

As I was putting on my coat preparatory to leaving, the Professor smilingly said, "And am I not to have the pleasure of a little bout with you before you go?"

"To better demonstrate the capabilities of your system?" I queried, with a meaning look. "No, Professor, I've got an important appointment just now, and—I'm contented to take it for granted."

With that I left him, and now as I think of him, the conclusion forces itself upon me that if he can put his "Self-Defence" to the actual test as well as he can instruct, he is a man to propitiate and claim as a friend.

WELL-FED CHILDREN.

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph.D., M.D.

DURING a number of years, ardent students of humanity and its needs have made experiments without number in order to learn, to a certainty, what appeared to be for the best interests and physical welfare of all classes and conditions of people.

The best places in the world in which to accurately determine what kinds of food will yield the best results on healthy men or women are in the prisons and penitentiaries. There strict regularity can be observed, as well as rigid obedience to rules of eating and exercising. Under such discipline lean men have been fattened and fat men made normal. So, also, the best place to study and execute plans and obtain satisfactory results with the diet and development of children is in a well-managed and properly conducted orphans' home or children's resorts and training schools.

In my journeyings, I have visited many places where children are raised from the poorest charity homes to the richest in America. In the great cities there are day nurseries, or crêches, as they are called, where poor mothers who must toil from early morn till late at night for daily bread may leave their little ones to be fed and cared for during the day. Many noble deeds of charity are done in these places. There are still other eleemosynary institutions, where children are lodged, fed, clothed, and taught until they are either adopted or are able to go out and earn their own living.

I visited one school, or home, in the country, where none but very wealthy people could afford to place their children. It was a quiet, secluded place—a large farm, with many comfortable buildings—almost unheard of outside of

the very few who are aware of its existence, and the rich people who send their children there to be trained for life's duties.

Some might envy these children of the rich, whose parents think nothing of sending a special car, with a conductor, porter, cook, waiter, and nurse, all the way from New York city, 300 miles away, to bring a five or ten-year-old son home on Friday night to stay until Saturday evening. Many times during one winter have I seen the palatial cars, with liveried servants, waiting until the lessons were finished, sometimes even delaying the whole train, that a petted darling might not be hurried.

And why do they send their children away at such expense, you ask, when they could employ a teacher at home? Discipline, regime, experience, and success have been the portion of the graduates from this school. The father knows, from bitter experience, what is necessary to secure and retain vast wealth; he knows that he cannot always manage the interests which he has, and if the children are to retain them and manage the business which he has built up, they must have health, as well as the best education that money can buy. So, at the tender age of five, the future millionaire is placed in this school, where discipline and regime not only build up a rugged constitution, but, with the books and lessons, there are instilled also the principles which are to make him the successful business man and financier.

Now, you must not think this is a ceaseless grind in order to train them in money-making, for their moral and religious training is as much a part of the work as any other.

But what I want to emphasise is the importance of knowing how to feed the children properly, in order to secure the best physical development. I think it would be very interesting to you if I were to give a detailed list of the simple foods and rules of the institution I have just told you about, but, more to the point, if I give you the combined experience of that and many other homes where children have been, and are to-day, taught to eat and grow, and not to live and grow merely in order to eat.

The quantity or daily average of food required by children ranging from two to three years of age has been decided by a number of dietists to be about as follows:—Whole wheat bread, 8 ounces; butter, a little less than 1 ounce; potatoes, 4 ounces; meat (beef, mutton, or chicken), 4½ ounces; or, greatly to be preferred, instead of meat, nut foods or dates, 3 ounces; milk, 33 fluid ounces. This combination is found to be most excellent, and an abundance for the daily consumption.

For a child of from three to six years the amount should be increased so that the daily allowance of milk will be from 48 to 50 ounces, and the meat (by meat I do not mean simply flesh foods, but the preferred substitutes, such as dates, nuts, etc.) about 10 to 12 ounces; rice, 12 ounces; bread, 11 ounces; butter, 1½ ounces; potatoes, 5 ounces.

The increase in amount necessary for a child from that time on until it is ten years old will be very little. The quantity of milk and butter will be reduced a little, while the quantity of potatoes can be increased to almost double.

The diets recommended by Starr, and quoted by Thompson as standard types for use from the period of weaning up to three and a half years or more, are given, in most of which I concur, making decided exception only of the beef tea, in place of which I would advise fruit juices or milk.

Diet from the twelfth to the eighteenth month:—

7 a.m.—Stale bread soaked in a breakfast cup of new milk.

10 a.m.—Milk, 6 ounces, and soda biscuit, or a thin slice of buttered bread.

2 p.m.—Beef tea, 6 ounces, bread and a tablespoonful of rice and milk pudding.

6 p.m.—Same as first meal.

10 p.m.—A tablespoonful of Mellin's food in 8 ounces of milk.

THE Swedish drill for female prisoners in Holloway and other large prisons has proved conducive to health as well as to good conduct.

EMBROCATION.

By Eugen Sandow.

The first of two special articles on Embrocation as an aid in Physical Culture and Curative Treatment.

THE British public are generally supposed to be averse to anything new or strange, and to take unkindly to any scheme which does not conform to ideas with which they are familiar. Personally, I do not believe this, my opinion being that if any honest proposition be plainly placed before them, it will meet with their approval and gain and retain their confidence. Take my own case: for many years I have been known as an earnest worker in the cause of human suffering, and, by my system of Curative Physical Culture, have given health, strength, and happiness to thousands of sufferers to whom these blessings were previously unknown.

In addition to my system of Curative Physical Culture, I have introduced several appliances bearing my name, and, I am pleased to say, although each one was something entirely new and previously unthought of, the success of all was immediate and lasting. Having made a reputation for myself, and gained the confidence of—I think I may say—the whole world, it is necessary for me to be assured that any article I produce fulfils all that is claimed for it.

No doubt the majority of my readers have seen notices of my latest production, viz., "Sandow's Concentrated Embrocation," and, although it has not been placed before the public more than a month, I am continually receiving letters from people asking if I can recommend them to use it for their individual needs. Being unable to reply personally to all these letters, this article is written in the hope that the information it contains will be of use to those correspondents and also to many others interested in a really efficient Embrocation.

First, let us consider the uses of such an Embrocation.

Its application is invaluable in all forms of injury and inflammation, as it soothes the pain caused by injury, reduces the local inflammation, and quickly restores the damaged part to a healthy condition. Massage with the Embrocation stimulates the flow of blood—and consequently nourishment to the injured part; keeps the muscles in a healthy and pliant condition, and prevents them from becoming stiff and feeble through enforced rest. When rest is absolutely necessary, as in the case of a severe sprain, regular massage with the Embrocation repairs and strengthens the injured fibres, and counteracts the natural weakness which results from the lack of muscular activity.

In cases of sore throat from colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia, its beneficial action on the affected nerves, muscles and structures is soon felt; it stimulates the muscular and nervous tissues, promotes a better circulation of the blood, and quickly relieves the pain.

To produce an Embrocation of this nature requires practical, personal experience. A carpenter could not be depended on to make a reliable watch, nor could a non-smoker produce a choice blend of tobacco; and, if they *did* venture to do these things, their efforts would not meet with much success. Seeing the importance of experience in matters of convenience and luxury, how much more important it is that an article on which we

depend to regain our natural health and activity, should be produced by one who thoroughly understands the subject both in theory and in practice.

There are few men better able to judge the quality and value of an Embrocation than I, as, during my professional career, I suffered from every kind of sprain, strain, and bruise. The usual treatment for sprains is complete rest for a time, but this I was unable to take as my engagements would not permit, and I endeavoured to discover an Embrocation which would do its work rapidly and reliably, and fit me for my work at the earliest opportunity. As nothing on the market satisfied me, I decided to introduce an Embrocation far in advance of any other, and one which I could personally recommend and guarantee. Another reason for my decision was the fact that a large number of people asked my advice on ailments which could be cured by a really good Embrocation, and many athletes wished me to recommend them an Embrocation which would quickly remove the stiffness and pain caused by excessive exertion in games or sports.

In order to produce such an article, I have conducted numberless experiments with the several therapeutic properties suitable for external application, and, recognising that several heads are better than one, during my world-wide travels, I have collaborated with the greatest scientists and herbalists of each country I have visited. I received great help during my last visit to India and the East, for there the use of unguents is more general and far more advanced than in the Western countries, and I spared neither trouble nor expense in carefully studying the native remedies.

I have now succeeded in obtaining that which I wished, and have placed it on the market at a moderate price, and I can confidently guarantee it to do all that is claimed for it in an efficient and expeditious manner. I have used it in many cases for some time in order to thoroughly test its ability before bringing it into public notice, and I have not experienced a single failure in its use. It is of real practical value, and for allaying pain and checking inflammation it is unrivalled.

We will now discuss the effect it has on the muscular system of the human body.

The muscles of our body are numerous —we are nearly half muscle—they enter into every part of our system, and on their fitness depends our health. Thousands of people keep their muscles fit and in perfect order by regular use of my Grip Dumb-bells, and there is no better way. Over-strain is caused by over-action of the muscles which are untrained or in an unfit condition; therefore, a man who is physically fit is not so liable to this trouble as one who does not take proper care of himself. But all athletes are liable to overstrain or sprain if athletics or games are continually enjoyed, and, unfortunately, none of us are proof against accident.

The most common injuries suffered by athletes are sprains and bruises. A sprain is caused by the ligaments which protect a joint being unduly stretched or in some cases torn away. Sprains occur to both joints and muscles, but the former are more numerous, as the fibrous tissue which keeps the two bones in place is not elastic, and, if stretched, will not return to its original size and shape.

Bruises and contusions—the result of a violent blow or kick—cause local pain and stiffness; the muscle fibres are often torn away and blood enters into the part. If much swelling exists it proves that a large quantity of blood has gathered in the seat of the injury, and, before relief can be obtained, this stagnant blood must be dispersed.

The action of my Concentrated Embrocation in all forms of sprains and bruises —such as tennis wrist and elbow, cyclist's ankle, football knee, injuries to the knee-cap, bruises from gun kicking, etc.—is to rapidly repair the injured muscles or part of the body, to prevent the ill-effects likely to ensue if the injury is not properly attended to, and to maintain the muscles in a sound condition.

Every athlete will find the Embrocation of the greatest use in winter or summer after any very severe exercise which brings with it the inevitable stiffness.

As this is the season of sprained knees, damaged knee-caps, and sprained ankles,

I give two illustrations which are of seasonable interest.

The first shows the correct method of applying the Embrocation for injury to the knee. In these cases all the structures surrounding the joint should be firmly grasped and the Embrocation thoroughly rubbed in with the fingers and thumbs, the fingers massaging the back of the joint and the thumbs working round the knee-cap.

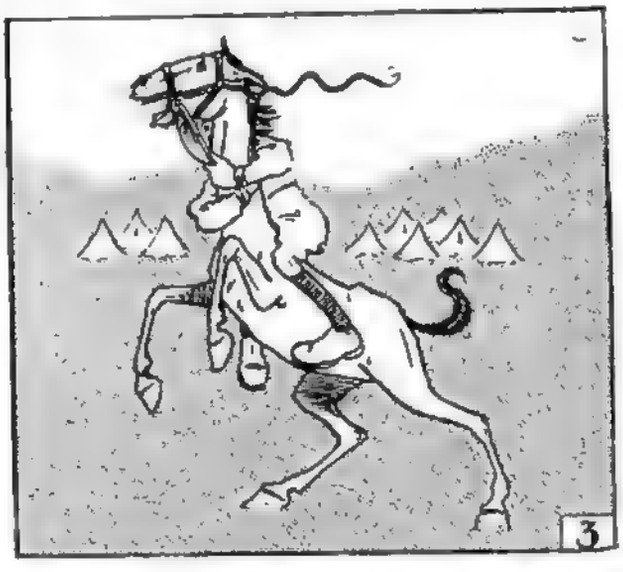
The second illustration indicates the best way of treating stiffness or sprain of the ankle joint, either through slipping or being tripped up. The Embrocation should be locally applied with suitable massage, the finger tips of both hands being used on either side in the direction shown by the dotted line.

As the Embrocation has been highly concentrated in order to increase its curative powers, and relieve complaints more readily, it will be found that a reduced strength is more suitable for athletic use. To obtain this reduced strength, the Embrocation should be diluted with pure olive oil until the mixture is of the required consistency. Owing to its great strength, care should be taken not to apply the Embrocation to broken skin, or to get it in the eyes.

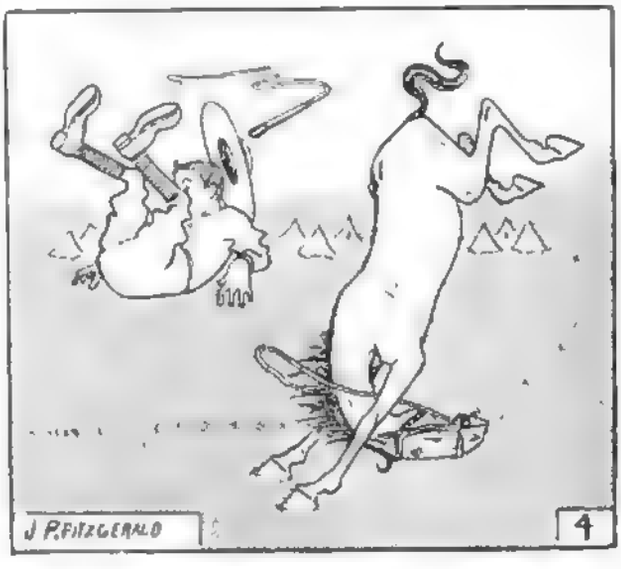
Next week I shall describe the curative properties of the Embrocation, and the many complaints which have been relieved by its timely use.

My Embrocation Company, of Savoy Corner, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., will be pleased to send, post free, an illustrated booklet which I have prepared for users of the Embrocation, to anyone who writes them for a copy.

Jones Joins the Yeomanry.



REMONSTRATION—In which Jones's famous strangle-hold is seen at its best—



SEPARATION—But Jones is at last beaten by a flying fall. And now he's using Sandow's Embrocation.

Sandow Magazine Readers' Club.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Well done, Mr. Davies.

Darlaston, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether you have noticed a short article on "Which is the best hobby?" in *Answers*.

With all sincerity I sent mine, which I have sent to you, marked with a *. We had to send short articles, or I should have said more than I have done.

I have a room all fitted up with your Dumb-bells, Developer, etc., your books, and over 20 photos of you.

Where before I was too weak almost to walk, I now practise with a dumb-bell about 80 lbs., 6-ft. bar-bell.

I recently beat three or four men bigger than myself in a little competition, and am now looked upon as a bit above the average.

I think that I have started a good number in this blessing of life, and I hope that my short article in a paper that is read by thousands may bring you hundreds more pupils, and also bring you as much success as one of your articles in *The Daily Mail*.

I should like a word from you (as I wish you all the success you deserve in this great work of bringing sunshine into men's lives) just to tell me what you think of me, and oblige,—Yours sincerely,

J. DAVIES.

P.S.—The medal was a bronze one, but all who saw the change said I ought to have had first prize, not a "*consolation*."

* "THANKS TO 'ANSWERS.'

"Just over twelve months ago I was a weak, ailing, and easily-tired youth, and hardly ever cheerful; but one day I noticed that Sandow was offering a prize in *Answers* for physical culture. I had never done anything in this way, but I thought I would try. I bought the dumb-bells and developer, and set to work. It was dry at first, but I soon got to like it, and went on grandly, and won a medal.

"By means of my hobby I gained robust health, and trebled my strength in about four months."—[From *Answers*.]

Can Pull Six Strands.

Shankill-road,

Belfast, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing so many letters in your S.M.R.C. sent by followers of your system, I thought I should let you know how I have benefited by it.

I got your book, "Strength, and how to Obtain it," and followed out the exercises set down in it, and I must say it improved me both in health and strength, and increased my measurements.

I lent the book to a lot of my chums, and they were astonished at your measurements and photos. I have just bought one of your Developers, as I think it is the strongest and best made.

I am starting it on the 1st day of February. I intend to try for one of the Gold Medals you offer in about six months' time. There are a lot of "Gyms." and Physical Culture Clubs starting in Belfast. I will send my photo as soon as I get taken, and if it is suitable you can publish it. I am sending my measurements.—Yours.

ROBERT CHRISTIE.

Weight	10 st. 2 lbs.	Wrist	7¼ inches
Height ...	5 ft. 9 inches	Waist	28½ "
Chest (nor.) ...	34 "	Hips	38 "
Chest (exp.) ...	38 "	Thigh	20 "
Neck	15 "	Knee	14 "
Arm (U)	12 "	Calf	13½ "
Arm (F)	11 "	Ankle	8½ "

P.S.—I can pull the six strands of the Developer in the expander style.

Stirred him up.

Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you invite all readers to give you their experiences in Physical Culture, I feel it my duty to do so, and hope it will interest my fellow-readers.

To start with, a workmate and myself went to see your performance at the Palace Theatre, Halifax.

This stirred me up, and I returned home determined to alter my present physique. Upon the inducement of a friend, I joined a school at

L. B. THOMPSON. Victorian Health and Strength College, Bendigo, Victoria. L. B. THOMPSON.

Todmorden in November, 1904. I trained under your system for three months, and the benefit I gained was well worth the time and money. At the beginning I was delicate, but by careful exercise the improvement in my health was soon noticeable.

Later I came across a friend who is an ardent follower of your system, and a splendid example of what Physical Culture will do for a man at home.

I exercise regularly with Grip Dumb-bells and Developer, and occasionally with punch-ball, which I think together make a grand combination of exercises.

My measurements, as taken in October, are as follows:—

Age	17 years.	Forearm	11¼ inches.
Weight	9 st. 12 lbs.	Waist	27½ "
Height ...	5 ft. 6 inches	Hips	33½ "
Neck	15 "	Thighs	20½ "
Chest (nor.) ...	37 "	Calf	14 "
Chest (exp.) ...	39½ "	Ankle	8¾ "
Biceps	13 "		

My friend and I are thinking of starting a school, and will be much obliged to you if you will ask interested readers of this district to write me for particulars.

I shall be pleased to be enrolled as a member of your Readers' Club.—Yours, etc.

F. HALLIWELL.

Striking Letters.

Lyttleton Terrace, Bendigo.
November, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—It is now some considerable time since I wrote you *re* Physical Culture in Bendigo. At that time I was instructing some pupils, to take part in our Easter procession (photo of which I sent you, same appearing in your Magazine), and although I gave my services free the class eventually fell through. This did not stop me from continuing the cause. I immediately started another class (photo of which, together with two of myself, I am forwarding under separate cover), and have now forty members.

The development shown of myself I certainly must give you the credit for, through taking the first magazine you ever published; and I have continued as a subscriber ever since, then handing them to others to do likewise.

I was never taught by you or any of your principals, so can only lay claim as an instructor to my close study of your charts, books, etc., together with anatomy. How far I have progressed I leave the photos to speak for themselves.

I have passed a great many pupils through my hands, and have never turned out one individual dissatisfied. Some have shown greater improvement than others, and they all echo my sentiments of praise of your system.

My reason for writing is to give you some particulars *re* your system as applied as a curative agent.

Mr. ———, a gold-miner here, met with a serious injury to his back. He attended doctors for eighteen months, and got sufficiently well to go about, but not to work; in fact, some thought he would never work again. He came to me, and I immediately started your exercises, together with massage, to build up the muscles around the injury, with the result that after five months' treatment he went back to work, and has continued to do so for the last two months. His mates were as agreeably surprised as he was to see him back in his old position in the mine. The result is, that Physical Culture is looked upon by many of our hard-working miners as something wonderful and good.

As Mr. ——— was a member of the Oddfellows' Lodge, also Amalgamated Miners' Association, I received a letter of thanks from each, copies of which I enclose.

Now, sir, I am not writing for self-praise, or for publication in your magazine, but simply to pass on to you the credit and praise which are due to you and your system.

I have given lectures and exhibitions to try and induce people to go in for your system, and I am at present trying to get some of our schoolmasters to allow me to give a lecture and exhibition free of all charge, with the object of reaching the younger element.

The photos I would like to see reproduced in your Magazine, if you could find space, but the letter might embarrass Mr. ——— if in print.

Since writing the above, the Miners' Association have sent me another member, who has met with an injury near the spine, causing him to be weak on his legs which I hope to also treat successfully with your system.

Wishing you every success for the coming year, beg to remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

L. B. THOMPSON.

LOYAL BENDIGO LODGE, M.U.I.O.O.F.

November 28, 1905.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—By direction of special resolution of this Lodge, I am directed to convey to you, their appreciation of the valuable services you rendered to our Bro., ———, who was for a long time prostrated by a mining accident, which compelled him to be on the funds of this Lodge.

He states that through your treatment of the trouble he suffered from, it enabled him to declare off the sick funds and resume work. We, therefore, desire to convey to you our sincere thanks for your skill and attention, gratuitously given.—I am, yours fraternally,

THOS. POOK, F.S.

BENDIGO BRANCH, NO. 1, AMALGAMATED MINERS' ASSOCIATION.

October 7, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I have been instructed to convey to you the warmest thanks of the officers and committee of this Branch for your gratuitous treatment of one of our members, Mr. ———, from which he has received great benefit, and is now able to resume work.

Words fail me to express our gratitude on behalf of members.

Believe me to remain, yours,

R. WILLIAMS (*Sec.*).

A Portsmouth Reader sends me a p.c. showing one of the first ironclads next to an old "heart of oak" ship.

A Moortown (Leeds) READER writes that he is "100 times better" as the result of taking up Physical Culture.

A Crieff (Perthshire) READER (D. M'Gregor) reports having made a start three months ago with Physical Culture, and although only 16½ years of age has a 38½-in. contracted and 40½-in. expanded chest, height being only 5 ft. 7½ in.

THE EDITOR INSTRUCTING BENDIGO POLICE.

LIONEL STRONGFORT—THE ATHLETE

(whose striking photo adorned the cover of last week's issue).

By J. St. A. Jewell.

THERE is a popular saying among clubmen that has stood the test of many years without showing the slightest sign of getting threadbare in any shape or form. It is:—"You can't go wrong at the Pav." You can put it in another form, by saying, "If you want to see a good show, go to the London Pavilion." I took the advice a few days ago, and went. Moreover, I didn't "go wrong," for I sat in a seat which was kindly placed at my disposal by the genial manager, Mr. Frank Glenister, for the purpose of seeing Lionel Strongfort's strong-man show, with a view to writing about it later.

Mr. Strongfort was described on the programme as the strongest living athlete, and it is not for me to say whether that be true or not. In any case, he is a most remarkable man, one who is worth making a long journey to see. Not only is he a strong man, but he is also an artist to his finger tips, and any man who can lay claim to both titles is worth looking at.

The band's overture which preceded the first part of his act was all that music should be, and the stage properties that the hoisting of the curtains revealed to the audience were beautifully neat, workmanlike, and a harmony in colour.

Right in the centre of the stage stood a square cabinet, framed in gold, with front curtains of deep red plush. Mr. Strongfort was going to pose. The band played soft, sweet music as the hall lights were turned low, and when all was in semi-darkness, save a portion of the stage, the curtains of the cabinet were drawn noiselessly apart, and there, under a strongly reflected light from above, stood—a Man.

A little murmur of applause rippled round the body of the hall as he stood motionless with arms folded across the breast, just a little unconscious tribute of respect for perfect muscular beauty. Every muscle was relaxed, and he might have been a statue. A lady on my left murmured audibly to her companion: "What a perfect figure!" As she spoke, knotted cords grew on arms and legs, causing little shadows to appear where before one tone of colour prevailed. He stood with every muscle tensed for a minute or more, then suddenly relaxed, and started a series of set poses. Each one was exquisitely beautiful, each one showed remarkable muscle control. Indeed, I have never seen muscles controlled like it before, and it spoke eloquently of long and careful practice. Each muscle, and each set of muscles, was developed in perfect proportion, so that no man could point to any particular one as having received more than its proper share of attention.

Added to this, his every movement was the very acme of grace and refinement. Small wonder that they cheered him when the cabinet curtains moved to close once more.

He came out a moment later, clad in flesh-coloured tights, gymnastic vest, and pale blue trunks. He was the picture of what a man should be, and he found further favour in the eyes of the audience ere he had been on the stage a minute, for Nature has been singularly kind to him in his courtship of her favours.

His first feat consisted of juggling with a 150 lb. bar-bell, a little trifle that he handled as you or I might a walking stick. It passed from hand to hand with lightning rapidity, all the time circling rapidly. The weight was not great, though the feat was a difficult one, but he performed it with such apparent ease as to move almost without effort. It marked him as a showman at once, for mere brute strength will never bring success at the halls—it is finish, stage finish, that brings a man fame.

Then he got on the Roman Column, in this case a beautifully neat appliance. The column itself was of highly burnished brass, and the knee-strap chains were silver-plated. Suspended only by these, with both feet in between leather-covered steps, he went over slowly backwards, head toward the floor. Then he picked up from the stage the 150 lb. bar-bell, and with it outstretched behind his head, slowly came to the horizontal position. Try to imagine the strain on the muscles of the legs and the abdomen!

When he had risen to the vertical position, an assistant unhooked the chains from his knee straps, and he jumped to the stage with the weight on his arms. Immediately he landed he did a front somersault, still holding the weight, and then bowed. In spite of the enormous strain this last feat must have thrown on his body, his breathing was not perceptible, and no little tell-tale beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. No ordinary strong man this!

Next, two padded trestles were placed on the stage close to the footlights. Taking up the 150 lb. bar-bell once more, Mr. Strongfort went to the wings, turned round and darted forward and did another front somersault. He landed with his neck on one trestle and his heels on the other. Then four of the Pavilion staff prepared to stand on his body, and as they stepped on to the platform of flesh and blood, he raised the bar-bell out backwards, until his arms were horizontal like his body.

Then came *the* feat of the evening. This was nothing less than elevating to arm's length, above the head, a huge bar-bell weighing 312 lbs. This is a guaranteed weight, and Mr. Strongfort offers £25 to any man who can get it above the head to arm's length with one hand.

The audience was invited to go up on the stage and test the weight, but everyone was coy. They had seen enough to breed confidence, and assurances as to the weight of the bar-bell seemed superfluous. The shaft of this particular weight was of polished brass, and the grip was very thick. When I tried it afterwards, I found I could not circle it by fully three inches, and my hand is anything but small. Mr. Strongfort upended this bell, gripped it, got it to the "balance," and, amid breathless silence, proceeded to "press" it, or push it up.

The movement was one to warm the heart of a weight-lifter, for he pushed it steadily, inch by inch, never varying the pace, until at last he "locked" his arm, and stood up triumphantly with the huge weight poised above his head, a faint smile flickering about his lips.

He has accomplished many wonderful feats in all parts of the world, feats which have called from undemonstrative audiences applause unstinted, but no applause he has ever received was more spontaneous or hearty than that by which the Pavilion audience showed its appreciation.

They called him before the curtain again and again, until the conductor took pity on him and drowned the pleading voices in a whirl of firework music.

His show was over all too soon—one wished it to have continued as long again. But then the programme of a modern music hall is cut up into minutes and seconds, so many to this artist, so many to that. Mr. Strongfort had had his share—there was an end to it.

While people gaped, and proceeded to discuss the show of this modern Melancomas, I rushed to the stage door and made my way to his dressing room; for I had made up my mind to interview him and get some particulars of his feats and exploits first hand.

The moment I gave him my card—SANDOW'S MAGAZINE—he welcomed me as a man and brother.

"Let me congratulate you on the very fine show you gave to-night, Mr. Strongfort," I said; "it was splendid."

"Ah—you liked it, eh?"

"I was apparently not the only one," I answered, laughing.

"I'm glad of that," he said, earnestly. "I think it went all right. And now, what do you wish to question me about? My greatest feat, what diet, how old I am, etcetera, like all the rest?"

"Yes," I said, "just like all the rest. To start with, is the 312 lb. press your best feat, and, if not, what is?"

"The 312 lb. lift is a guaranteed lift," he said, "but it is not my best. On one

occasion I pressed 325 lbs.; but it was in practice, and not, therefore, official."

"And another feat, if you please, Mr. Strongfort."

"Well," he said, "I used to accomplish a rather showy feat every night at the Orpheam Theatre in Buda Pesth a short time ago. This consisted of holding an entire ballet of 30 people on a platform, which was held up by me when in the bridging position. It was a big 'draw.' Another similar feat I did at Olympia only a few weeks ago. This consisted of sustaining, when in the bridging position, a large motor-car, weighing 3,800 lbs."

"And have you ever gone in for anything else besides weight-lifting?"

He laughed heartily. "Certainly," he said; "I am not exclusively a strong man, and have no desire to get that reputation. For years I cycled, and won at many well-known races. I have also wrestled a good deal, and boxed."

"Have you met any tip-top wrestlers?" I asked.

"Well, you must judge for yourself. My last two matches were with Yussof and Hali Adali, each for $5,000, and both took place in New York. Both matches were drawn, the one with Yussof after 1 hour and 45 minutes, and the one with Hali Adali after 2 hours."

"And boxing—what about that?"

He mentioned three or four names that surprised me, especially when I recalled the pugilists' dictum, "One punch is enough for a weight-lifter." It proved conclusively that he was an all-round man, a term that can rarely be applied with truth to a handler of heavy weights.

His manager told me of another exploit of his, which indicates that he must possess courage to no small extent. It took place at a bull fight in Madrid, when a particularly ferocious animal practically "took charge" of the arena, after giving every one of the pesadors, toreadors, and matadors such a particularly lively time that they were glad to seek safety in flight.

The vast audience hissed and heaped opprobrium on the departed performers, and Mr. Strongfort, who was present with friends, jokingly said he'd go in and tackle Mr. Bull. The latter gentleman was apparently anxious for an antagonist worthy of his metal, for he stood in the centre of the arena and bellowed defiance at all and sundry. Mr. Strongfort eyed Mr. Bull, and decided that he'd better stick to weight-lifting. Bulls don't know where to draw the line, you know; more especially bulls that come from where Mr. Bellower came from—Andalusia.

A chance remark by one of his friends made Mr. Strongfort turn his mind once more toward glory—and a most telling advertisement, if it worked all right. The remark was, "He funks it," and it was whispered in a low voice. Mr. Strongfort happens to be blessed with an acute sense of hearing, and—he heard it.

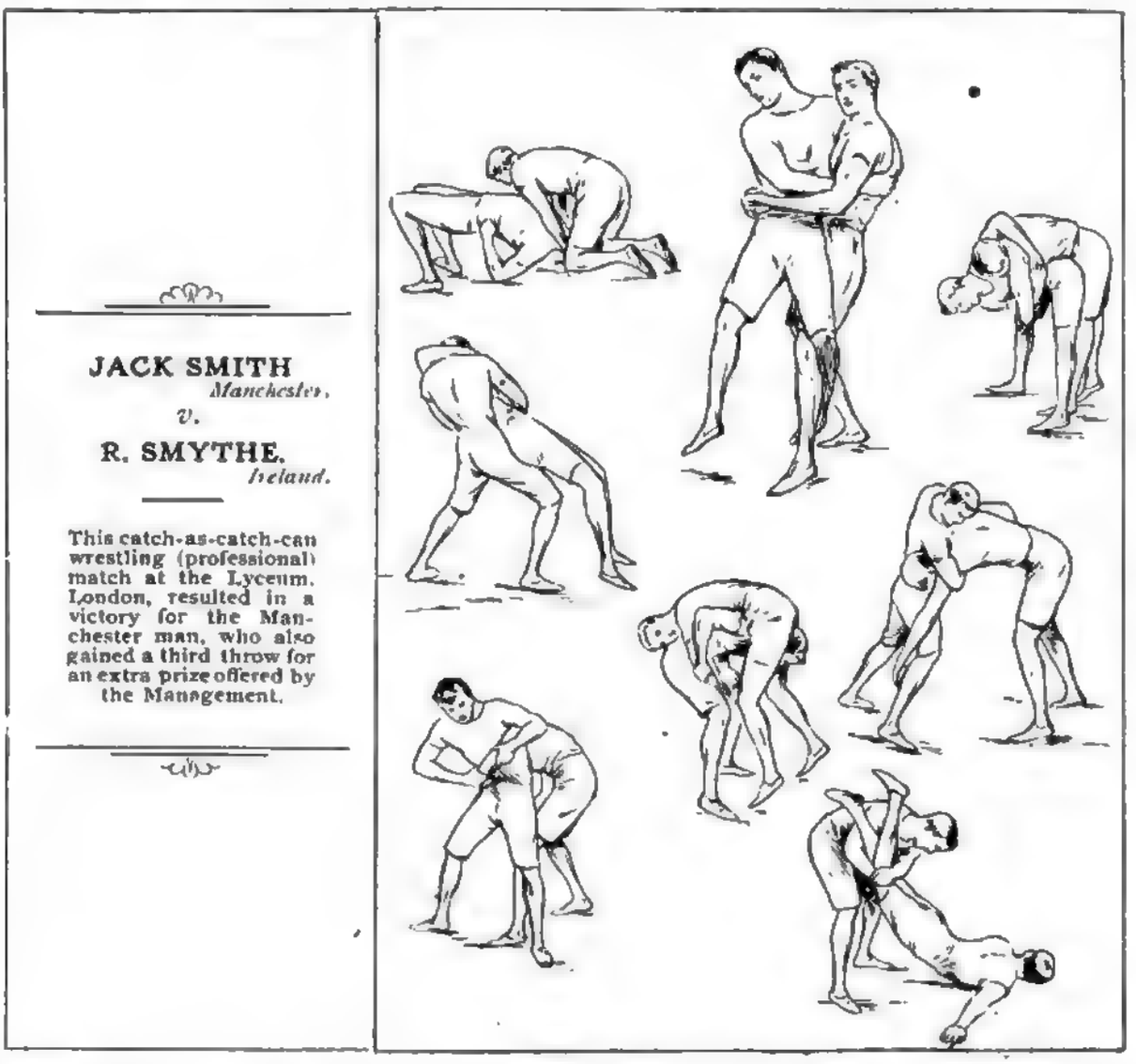
Before his friends had realised what had happened, he had vaulted the barrier, was in the arena, and running like a hare for a sheath of bandurellos and a red cloak that had been left behind by their lawful owners. A mighty roar of applause rose full-throated to greet the unknown champion, and Mr. Bull, whose rear end was turned toward Mr. Strongfort, slewed round to also take stock.

The matador's gold-hilted slender sword was equi-distant from Mr. Strongfort and the bull. It became a question of who would get at it first, and the betting was 9 to 4 on the bull. Seeing this, Mr. Strongfort went boldly towards him, holding out the hand of friendship, but he didn't think it necessary to disclose the fact that the hand also contained a tantalising little dart. But it did. Mr. Bull got it in the shoulder when he charged full pelt, and it didn't improve his temper. Indeed, he got quite rude, painfully aggressive, in fact. Mr. Strongfort noted this, and became more at ease, especially in his aim with the darts. Incidentally, he gained a few yards towards the sword at every rush. Moreover, the more furious the bull became, the cooler grew Mr. Strongfort, until he felt so much at ease that he began to think that weight-lifting was tame, and that he had mistaken his vocation. Before a dozen rushes had been made, he had possessed himself of the sword, and scarce had he grasped it when Mr. Bull intimated in bovine language that it was high time he did a bit of defence work to Mr.

Strongfort's attack. "It was the most difficult part of the whole thing," said Mr. Strongfort, "very different from simply jumping sideways at each rush." Not being a bull-fighter myself, I'm not going to dispute his statement. It also became apparent that Mr. Bull was getting a bit puffed and a trifle bored.

Madrid yelled itself hoarse, and embraced a new idol, of course, and Mr. Strongfort basked in the sunshine of popularity.

Now, I prefer to look at the humorous side of this exploit, and have treated it accordingly. If you wish to look at it from the tragic point of view, you will


JACK SMITH
Manchester.
v.
R. SMYTHE.
Ireland.
This catch-as-catch-can wrestling (professional) match at the Lyceum, London, resulted in a victory for the Manchester man, who also gained a third throw for an extra prize offered by the Management.

He lost his swaggering air, and stood stolidly waiting for trouble. Mr. Strongfort tried many times to manœuvre him into position, that is, head down and both fore legs together. He got him so after infinite trouble and many trials, and just as the shaggy head was about to fling itself upward and throw the tantalising red cloak skywards on the points of the huge horns, a thin blade entered between the shoulders, reached the heart, and a kingly beast sunk down a mere mass of beef.

not have to consider much before you come to the conclusion that Mr. Strongfort ran colossal risks. And all for three little words—"He funks it."

But it marks the man for what he is—a man with great courage and much confidence. And his strength being in keeping with his pluck, it is only right for me to tell you not to fail to see it demonstrated.

And you'll find him at the "Pav."

Questions and Answers

— AND —

Hints from Sandow.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

Cracking Joints.

P. P. (WALTHAMSTOW) writes: I am practising your system as in "Strength, and how to obtain it," but while exercising (1) the joints are continually cracking, especially in the shoulder blades; also after exercising a few minutes (2) the heart begins to palpitate. I have been examined by a doctor, who says my heart is in a sound condition. Can you give me a little advice how to rid myself of these little ailments? (3) Also can you recommend a good book on "Nervousness" and "Nervous Ailments?" There does not seem to be a book of this description on the market.

Answer: (1) The "cracking" noise is due to the breaking apart of the ligaments, which adhere to one another almost as if glued together. This, of course, betokens a want-of-use condition that continued exercise will obviate. (2) The same argument as to want-of-use condition applies to what you say of your heart, seeing that your medical adviser reports that it is sound. (3) Get Marche's "Physiology," price 1s. 6d., or 1s. 9d. post free, from "Our Readers' Library." Then afterwards get "Schofield's more advanced "Nerves in Order," price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 9d. post free.

A Debilitated Townsman.

E. J. H. (LONDON, S.E.) writes that for the past six months on and off he has been more or less under the care of doctors for stomach trouble. His symptoms are swelling of lower stomach after eating, causing very great discomfort and a feeling of exhaustion. One doctor calls it flatulence, another mild form of colitis and stomach distension, and E. J. H. adds that he should think he has taken pretty well all their different kinds of drugs, but he is still with this weakness around the stomach. He is twenty-seven years of age, and a clerk in the City. Can I suggest to him a remedy, or is he to consider himself doomed for the rest of his life to this wretched existence? He has never given any attention to athletics of any kind, not being of a robust constitution; in this, undoubtedly, is his mistake.

Answer: Here is a case of debility typical of that which afflicts the poor town-dweller, at least the one who ignorantly or wilfully neglects the physical side of his life. Well, I will not waste valuable space in pointing out what "E. J. H." ought to have done—the thing is to make the most of his present opportunities. First let him carefully read, then study, and then practise the advice contained in my book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It." As "E. J. H." is a new reader, I may point out that if he will read this magazine every week he will see advice, information and encouragement that should be simply invaluable to him. Three months should see a great improvement, and a year's hopeful and enthusiastic self-regenerative work will effect wonders.

Nose Running.

C. P. W. (GLAMORGAN) says his nose is continually running, while if there is any wind his eyes run also. He adds, "It has affected my breathing. I feel that I don't breathe to fill my lungs—it is stopped in the upper part of my nose. I have not even any sense of smell hardly." C. P. W. is kind enough to add that SANDOW'S is absolutely the best Physical Culture Magazine.

Answer: There may be what is called a "growth" in the nasal passage. C. P. W. had better see a doctor.

Would you

Build your house on an unsound foundation? Would you expect it to be safe and satisfactory, and able to withstand wind and snow, damp and drought, and heat and cold?

The employment of an able architect would secure a sound foundation, and a strong and serviceable storm-proof and strain-resisting dwelling.

Any Reader who is suffering from Indigestion, Constipation, Insomnia, Loss of Vigour and other Nervous and Functional Disorders is invited to send for a free book all about the Sandow Home Treatment, which furnishes the highest skilled direction in the building-up of a body sound, strong and healthy in every part.

It will be sent gratis and post free on receipt of your name and address. If personal particulars are also sent, special advice bearing on same will be included free of charge.

Address: EUGEN SANDOW, Post. Inst., Dept. S., 17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

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